Aging

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/9808595.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	High Hannibal, Will LECTER actually
Language:	English
Series:	Part 23 of HanniGram One-Shots
Stats:	Published: 2017-02-18 Words: 707 Chapters: 1/1

Aging

by FandomsAndShipsGallore

Summary

Hannibal has a 'brush with mortality' aka Hannibal isn't ready to accept that his body is aging and he shouldn't be trying to fight young men and Will is caught between yelling at him and hugging his poor baby.

"Is this Will Graham?" The voice on the phone asked.

"It's Will Lecter now actually. You are?" Will wondered.

"This is Dr. Spencer at the Baltimore Hospital. We are calling to inform you that your husband got into a bar fight and is pretty banged up-," the man was cut off by Will, "God damn it! I'm on my way."

Will grabbed his keys of the counter and rushed over to the hospital. Upon entering Will was greeted by the strong scent of antiseptics and cleaning agents. He huffed as he approached the nurses station, "I'm looking for Hannibal Lecter?"

"Will I'm assuming," the nurse gave him a cheeky smile, "Hannibal has been waiting for you."

Will raised an eyebrow at her but followed anyway. She lead him to Hannibal's temporary room. Will gave a worried look when Hannibal shot him a big smirk. His one eye was swollen shut, with stitches in the eyebrow above it, a split lip, and he was in a cast from the knee down to his toes. Hannibal giggled as he attempted to go cross eyed and looked at his nose. The nurse stiffled a giggle, "He's on some pretty strong pain killers right now. He'll be pretty out of it for a few hours then he's going to be in some intense pain."

"Thank you," Will smiled. Hannibal grabbed Will's hand after the nurse left, "Hellllooooo gorgeous."

"Hey babe, how are you feeling?"

"I. Am. Wonderful." Hannibal giggled. Will took Hannibal's hand in his own running his fingers over the bandages there, "You're an idiot you know that right?"

"But you love me anyways," Hannibal sing-songed. Will laughed, he really did love him. The doctor gave Hannibal another dose of morphine and sent them on their way. The whole way home Hannibal was jamming to the radio and tapping his crutches to the beat. Hannibal stood in front of the front steps giving Will his best pouty face. Will carried him up the steps and set him on the couch. Will sat at the end of the couch giving Hannibal plenty of room to stretch out.

"Will," Hannibal made grabby hands at Will. The younger man giggled but sat behind Hannibal so they were back to chest. Hannibal was asleep in minutes, holding Will's arm and snoring quietly. Will replaced himself with a large body pillow while he started supper.

Will was drawn out of his cooking zone by the soft click of crutches on tile. Hannibal stood in the door way of the kitchen leaning against the door frame a look of pain on his face. Will brought him an ice pack, "Morphine wear off?"

"I believe so." Hannibal whimpered. Will guided him to a chair and placed the ice pack on his swollen face, "That's the best I can do at the moment, you can't have another dose of your meds till after supper."

Will kissed the unbruised portion of his nose, "care to tell me what happened to you?"

Hannibal huffed and shot him a dirty look, "Well I was at the bar and then this younger man was telling his friend how disgusting gays were and I found that very rude. So I approached him and they kinda -what's the word?... Oh yes!- they jumped me. Now here I sit."

"I warned you to leave people alone Hannibal your getting to old to just go around eating people for their rudeness."

Hannibal frowned at Will, "Most certainly am not!"

Will kissed the corner of his mouth and finished cooking supper. They ate in relative quiet except for the occasional annoyed sound from Hannibal. After supper Hannibal limped off to their bedroom and attempted to put on his sleeping pants which resulted in falling off the bed and a loud thump. Will appeared in their room soon after to help him off the ground, into bed, and curled up next to him. Hannibal let out a content sigh as Will inter twined there fingers and laid his head on Hannibal's chest.

"Love you, you big dumby," Will smiled.

"Sure you do," Hannibal rolled his eyes.

"It's nice to know your sarcasm made it out okay," Will joked.

Hannibal let out a soft laugh, "Love you too, Will"

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!